

*The history*

Which 1400. yeares ago were naild,  
For our aduantage on the bitter crosse,  
But this our purpose now is twelue month old,  
And bootlesse tis to tell you we wil go.  
Therefore we meet not now: then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cosen Westmerland,  
What yesternight our counsell did decree  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the charge set down:  
But yesternight, when all athwart there came  
A post from Wales, loden with heauy newes,  
Whose worst was that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herdforshire to fight  
Against the irregular, and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welchman taken,  
A thousand of his people butchered,  
Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misuse,  
Such beastly shamelesse transformation  
By those Welch-women done, as may not be  
Without much shame, retould, or spoken of.

*King.* It seemes then that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our businesse for the holy land;

*West.* This matcht with other did, my gracious L.  
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes  
Came from the North, and thus it did import,  
On holly rode day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,  
That euer valiant and approued Scot,  
At Holmedon met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them in the very heart  
And pride of their contention, did take horse  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

*King.* Here is decree, a true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt new lighted from his horse,

Staind

*of Henrie the*

Staind with the variation of each face  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this place  
And he hath brought vs smother an  
The Earle of Douglas is discomfit  
Ten thousand bould Scots, two an  
Balkt in their own bloud. Did sir V  
On Holmedons plaines, of prisoner  
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle  
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:  
And is not this an honorable spoile  
A gallant prize? Ha coosen, is it not?

*West.* A conquest for a Prince to  
*King.* Yea, there thou makst me  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumb  
Should be the father to so blest a sonne,  
A sonne, who is the theame of honour  
Amongst a groue, the very straight  
Who is sweet fortunes minion and  
Whilst I by looking on the praise of  
See ryot and dishonour stain the  
Of my young Harry. O that it cou  
That some night tripping fairy had  
In cradle clothes our children when  
And cald mine Percy, his Plantage  
Then would I haue his Harry, and  
But let him from my thoughts. Wh  
Of this young Percies pride? The p  
Which he in this aduenture hath su  
To his own vse, he keepes and seru  
I shal haue none but Mordake Ea  
*West.* This is his vncles teaching.  
Maleuolent to you in all aspects,  
Which makes him prune himselfe,  
The crest of youth against your di  
*King.* But I haue sent for him to  
And for this cause a while we mus  
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.

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